

His story contains a great lesson for Chicago boys.—Editor.)

I won the Olympic marathon in England in 1908 because I had trained for it ever since I was a kid; because every leisure moment and all of my energy during my boyhood were devoted to working up to that end.

When a boy in knickerbockers the story of the soldier of Marathon filled me with an ambition to duplicate the feat in record time. So I set about training for it. And the training carried through years of discouragement and hard, tedious work, but I kept on plugging.

In the elimination races at Boston, to decide who would represent the United States in the English marathon race, I finished second to Morrissey. He beat me by only a few seconds and my spurt during the last 500 yards of the race caused the committee to take me to Europe.

When the starting gun was fired for the Olympic marathon I knew I was in the race of my life, against the best distance runners in the world. And I realized my brains, as well as my legs, must be used to bring victory.

I started at an easy trot and maintained the pace for more than ten miles. Other runners were passing me constantly, but this didn't worry me; in fact, I was glad, because experience had taught me that the man who lays back in a long race is the man who has the speed and strength at the finish.

Around the 18th mile I began

to go a bit faster and just as I was finishing the 19th mile I found Longboat had dropped out. I knew I had passed other runners, but it was not until I was in the twenties that my trainers along the route tipped me that I was third. Dorando was leading me by a wide margin, closely followed by Hefferon, the African runner.

Then I began to speed it up. The easy pace I had maintained hadn't tired me and there seemed to be a lot of power in my legs. Just before I arrived in sight of the enclosure I spotted Hefferon and went a bit faster. I passed him as I was going into the stadium.

Dorando was perhaps 200 yards ahead of me as I started on the last lap. I saw he was wobbling and knew the terrific pace he had been setting all the way was telling on him. I pulled myself together for the last spurt and tore along over the track.

I was closing the gap rapidly, when Dorando staggered and fell. His trainers picked him up and carried him across the line, 75 or 100 yards ahead of me.

The judges disqualified Dorando because he was helped across the line and gave me the victory. And I certainly was glad; partly because I had achieved the greatest ambition of my boyhood and partly because I won for America the biggest event of the meet.



No woman can lace herself as tight as a man can drink himself,